

Worrying About Sinful World

THE school authorities of Lynn, Mass., are considerably exercised over a puzzling problem. A twelve-year-old boy persists in sobbing and crying during class hours. When asked the reason for his distress, he replies:

"The presence of so much sin in the world."

The boy is said to be bright enough in his studies, but he never mixes with the other pupils in the school yard.

Doubtless this is no more than a curious freak of morbidity, but it is typical of a quite common phenomenon among us all.

For, have you never worried about the world?

One way or another we have all, at times, and in certain moods, got the universe upon our shoulders and have been mightily afraid we'd drop it.

Our earnest forefathers were quite sure the majority of the race was rushing into the fires of eternal punishment, and exercised themselves frantically to pluck here and there a brand from the burning.

Not only the old lady at the boarding house folds up her newspaper, wipes her glasses, and exclaims: "Well, I declare. I don't know what we're all coming to!"

Statesmen as well as Senators and political spokesmen are given more these days to viewing with alarm than to pointing with pride.

The ponderous editor vies with the excited soap-box orator in showing us we are on the verge.

Preachers and literary folk demonstrate that ruin is just ahead.

In fact, a good part of the energy of our instructors and entertainers seems to be devoted to scaring the daylight out of us.

Meanwhile the world goes lumbering on. The ocean heeds the apostrophe of W. S. Gilbert:

"Never you mind—roll on!"

Little children are playing marbles in the street, the cook is busy peeling potatoes, the young lady and her June-spice are holding hands in the parlor, pa is busy selling nails at the hardware store and grandma is knitting on the front porch.

Only here and there one of us gets heated up in our mind and feels the world is wobbling.

What of it? Suppose we bang into a comet tomorrow? Suppose the Bolsheviks blow us up and the Japanese grab the pieces, and the trusts and capitalists devour us, and all the labor unions strike, and the baby chokes on a quarter, and the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse come loping over the hill, and there's a panic, and the end of the world comes the fifteenth of next month and the devil flies away with us?

What are you going to do about it?

In spite of our fits of despair the world is getting better all the time. The poorest among us have comforts and luxuries that even kings did not have a few years ago.

God is attending to the universe. And even if you don't believe in God, you must admit that You are not running it.

Time stalks on. Evolution continues to evolve. Destiny has its own plans, and is mighty close-mouthed about them.

All our life is an adventure. Nobody, outside of the graveyard, is safe. Sin was in the world long before little Johnny began to cry over it, and will probably still be on hand long after he has wiped his eyes and gone to bed.

All we can do is each, in his small corner, to play his part and be as happy as he can.

We'd as well be happy. Why not? For whether we be glad or sad, the universe rolls on, as aforesaid.

The Creator made the world. It's His. Not ours. And neither the little boy at school nor grown-ups who ought to know better accomplish anything but their own undoing when they play God.

At Grips With Evil Fortune

MICHAEL J. DOWLING died in Olivia, Minn., the other day leaving a good estate and a name so honored among men that he may be called an exemplar of courage.

Born in extreme poverty, Dowling began to earn his living when twelve years old. Caught in a blizzard when he was fifteen, his arms and legs were so frozen that all had to be amputated to save his life.

While he lay in his hospital bed the boy planned ways in which to combat his cruel fate. His hands and feet were gone, but the brain was still there, and with unbroken spirit he began the task of training the one faculty with which he might still struggle with the world. He acquired enough elementary education to fit him to teach district school, and followed that occupation long enough to earn the money that put him through college.

Equipped with artificial members, he entered the business world of his native town, and manifested an aptitude for business that finally made him president of a bank and a leader in all works of public spirit. He of all men might have for an epitaph Henley's stirring lines:

"In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud,
Beneath the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody but unbowed."

This man, who so gallantly wrestled from life so much of the good which a cruel fortune had denied him, gave freely and unstintingly of time and money for the alleviation of those brave men who in the great war suffered mutilations like his own.

As a citizen—and a sorely handicapped citizen at that—he did his best to make up for the callous indifference of our Government, and many of our people, to the destitute condition of youths crippled in war. He spent many days in hospitals cheering up hopeless soldiers who had suffered only one-quarter of the amputations he had endured.

This individual example should shame the lawmakers who are splitting straws while our wounded veterans starve. But it should also be an encouragement and a call to effort and self-advancement among those whom accident or the fortunes of war have left crippled in the battle with the world.

A man totally blind from early youth, who nevertheless attained the honorable station of a United States Senator, was accustomed to say that he owed it all to the courage of a mother who would never permit him to use his blindness as an excuse for not doing things. The method was heroic, but the end attained proved its efficiency.

Adversity stoutly grappled with not infrequently proves the path to fortune. Life stories such as these merit wide publicity for the encouragement and aid they furnish to others who have handicaps that seem to them insurmountable.

Salvation Army's Fund Still Needs Your Aid

IF every person in Washington today were to put 11 pennies in a coin box for the Salvation Army's 1921 budget, it would more than fill the quota.

The quota for this city is \$47,000. The population is 437,571.

Very many more than 437,571 dimes are spent in this city daily for purposes not so worthy.

Surely a dime or 11 cents a year isn't much from the comfortable to the needy.

A piker in benevolence would give that. Don't be a piker.

The Washington Times

(A) Mount Vernon?



HUMANISMS

BY William Atherton Du Puy

Secretary Denby, of the Navy Department, says that he was a naval militiaman back in 1897 when Theodore Roosevelt, the elder, was Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

He states that it was known in naval militia circles that Mr. Roosevelt went to President McKinley and urged that the naval militia be sent to sea.

"But," said President McKinley, "they have never been to sea. It will be a distressing experience for them. They will all be sick."

"That's just what we want," said Mr. Roosevelt. "Let them get seasick. Then we can see what is in them."

Charles Curtis lived with the Kaw Indians as one of them until he was a boy of eight. Then he became a jockey and rode races for seven years. He came back to Topeka and there found a group of old friends and relatives from the reservation. A homesickness for the Indian life seized him and he threw his lot in with them and started back to the reservation.

At the first waterhole out a member of the party got sick and they were delayed for several days. During one of those days young Curtis had a long talk with Julie Poppin, his grandmother, the daughter of old Chief White Plume, and a French trader.

Julie Poppin dwelt upon her fondness and the fondness of members of the tribe for this, its son, who was more paleface than Indian. She said that a welcome from the heart of the tribe awaited him. But she pointed out to the youngster that there was a turning point in his career. If he went back to the reservation he would drop into the life of the Indian, would sleep in the sun the rest of his days.

On the other hand, he might return to his people, who were paleface. There he would grow up with them as one of them. The white man's opportunity would be his.

So the youngster took the back trail to civilization. His Indian grandmother, wise in her day, had pointed the way. Otherwise would the United States Senate, in 1921, have had some other man as its whip.

Although Ewing Laporte, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, was born in France his father was an American citizen of French extraction. His mother was of American birth, being the daughter of "Silver Dick" Bland, of Missouri, rival of William Jennings Bryan for Presidential nomination back in the middle nineties.

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Once-Overs

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WATCH YOUR TALK.

Don't joke or talk lightly on sacred subjects. Some men are always laughing about their wives divorcing them or telling stories which hint at being gay with the stenographer.

It is intended to be very funny, and generally raises a laugh among a certain class of fellows. But the finer and more understanding man will not bring a thought or suggestion of this sort up for several reasons.

There are always in the crowd certain persons who have come dangerously near the divorce at times. If the truth were known.

His main others will land in the divorce if they continue as they are doing.

And sometimes the very one who feels that a matter of that sort is farthest from his wife's mind might be surprised to know just how near his own little wife is to the breaking point over something which seems so trivial to him and which seems so much more to her.

Married life is made up of critical moments and tragic emotions at times, and who can say when the straw too much will seem like a mountain of neglect to over-tought nerves and a heart longing for companionship.

K. MILLER

HIS IDIOTIC ORATORIAL

RENT DUKES

Residents of swell up-town apartment crack into public print by tendering landlord testimonial banquet.

Sounds goopy! 'Tis. Full courses of everything served, starting off with poisoned olives.

Instead of leaving in taxicabs, guests depart in ambulances. Everything as happy as flag fluttering at half staff.

Tenants invite fat old landlord to wine and dine with them aboard his dizzy roofgarden where everything is expensive and stylish.

Guy who has had a busted kitchen spigot for seven months engages rent-taker in conversation while sipping wine dining room ceiling is hanging by hair, pours wood alcohol into the drinking tumbler.

Business of landlord going blind and experiencing sensation of living in an apartment where all the lights go out regularly.

Worst thrill on earth is to be honor guests at a love feast where everybody hates you like misery loves company.

Load him to cars with home brew and then charge him with every thing in the landlord and tenant code.

He'll be so poisoned with domestic-made hooch all he'll be able to say is: "Zat's right."

The neighbors will gladly testify he incriminated himself while in a superior condition.

Send him home with a headache that would split Statue of Liberty and then turn on all the apartment victrolas.

Everybody send him a collect telegram telling him they are going to move at end of the month.

Import some domestic waterbugs and watch them do battle with the kitchen kalamine.

When you've done all the damage possible to the old cliff dwelling, lock the door on the inside and leave for keeps.

Ye TOWNE GOSSIP

Registered U. S. Patent Office.

By K. C. B.

OUR LITTLE group. AND ONE of the others.

IN THE Pullman car. WAS A middle-aged man.

HAD BEEN traveling on. OF QUITE some size.

FOR HALF a day. AND A cropped mustache.

AND TRYING to figure. AND MORE or less fierce.

WHO THE others were. IN A facial way.

AND WHERE they were going. AND THE little blond girl.

AND WHISPERING about them. LOOKED AT this man.

AND GETTING settled. AND HESITATED.

FOR THREE long days. AND THEN went by.

AND SHOWING no signs. AND THE fierce-looking man.

OF FRIENDLINESS. WORE A hungry look.

WHICH SENSIBLE travelers. AS THE child stood there.

ALWAYS DO. A HUNGRY look.

UNTIL THEY know. THAT SOFTENED his face.

OR THINK they know. AND LIGHTED something.

WHO ARE the pests. IN HIS dark brown eyes.

AND WHO are not. AND MADE me wish THAT THE little blond girl.

AND ANYWAY. WOULD SMILE on him.

WE'D BEEN going along. AND SO she did.

AND IN the middle. AS SHE passed again.

OF THE afternoon. AND HE picked her up.

A LITTLE blond girl. AND PRESSED her close.

OF ABOUT four years. AND SET her down.

HAD GROWN so restless. AND A little bit frightened.

restless. SHE HURRIED away.

SHE COULDN'T sit still. AND IN his eyes.

AND HAD started out. LEFT A flash of tears.

TO LOOK us all over. AND THAT was all.

AND SMILED on some of us. I THANK you.

AND PASSED others by.

John Joy Edson Model Citizen

By BILL PRICE.

Washington citizens ran true to form last night when they paid splendid tribute to JOHN JOY EDSON on the occasion of his seventy-fifth birthday. No speaker in the brilliant gathering which bestowed these honors upon so worthy a citizen overdwed the eulogies to this model Washingtonian. He well deserved every word said of his long, unselfish and faithful civic service to Washington and of his deeds of charity and philanthropy, little known except when mentioned by the beneficiaries.

It is customary in communities that possess the right of suffrage to honor such men by electing them to the highest offices. That is at least one way free Americans have of expressing their appreciation of notable public service and of citizenship of the highest class. Washingtonians have no such honors to give, so they gather informally and, man to man, make known their estimate of a fellow man; hold him up to young Washingtonians as worthy of emulation because of purity and cleanliness of personal life, loyal service to his home city, and ideals that make for typical Americanism.

There are hundreds of humble Washingtonians who were not at last night's gathering whose hearts enshrine some noble deed of John Joy Edson. These are men and women who found him helpful and kindly when they were in need, who own their own homes because he went the limit to encourage their ambitions in that direction.

Mr. Edson's usefulness has not been outlived. At seventy-five he gives practically all of his time to civic betterment and uplift, to charitable undertakings, and extension of the helping hand to the man in the sand. The entire community will wish for Mr. Edson many more years of that unalloyed happiness derived from doing good for others.



THE "ANXIETY PURSE" IN THE G. P. O. RACES.

It's not surprising for the G. P. O. employees to be familiar with the horses. They have "bookmakers" in the bindery; many pressroom employees make their living on the "race-track," and many of the girls "feed the ponies" for a livelihood.

Another, the wonderful sprinter "Suspension," ably ridden by Jockey — hung out a new track wreck-ord when he won the G. P. O. "Anxiety Purse," winning by a known "Indefinite," while "Discharge" and "Resignation" ran a dead heat for the small end of the purse. "Ill Wind," "Scandal Monger," "Dicta- phone" and "Backbiter" also ran. "Scratched"—"Harmony" and "Peace-ful Daze."

Over-wait—"Indefinite," 10 lbs.; "Resignation," 1 lb. The winner is by H. Pain Wit Kneec's "Mountain," out of "Mole Hill," out of "Whispering Jane," by "Exaggerate." The mile and a quart-or was run in the remarkably fast time of "Too Oh Too."

Weather—Cloudy. Track—Fast. ALSO RAN.

THE SUN SPOT SUMAP.

A question for Edson: When the sun gets spots on it do they use Old Dutch Cleanser to remove them or do they send the sun to the cleaners?

If a cleaner charges \$1.50 for removing the spots from a cheap suit of clothes how much would be charged for removing the spots over an area of 42,000 miles wide and 75,000 miles long?

To my mind the best scientists of the day are those who write for H. and S. Our scientists write understandable stuff. Now here's the weather bureau and the astronomers scrapping over whether sun spots control the weather, the aurora borealis and other things. We are solemnly assured that we will continue to have weather regardless of the sun, and that the sun is not now near as spotty as she was a few days ago.

They say these spots are due to gas formations. You can't be surprised in view of the amount of gas spilled lately by EINSTEIN and others over things they know nothing about. If they keep on the gas may cover the sun entirely.

DR. S. SPOT.

SALOON KEEPER'S EPIGRAPH.

"This is on Me."

EDISON IS ONTO THIS.

Of all the questions pro and con, which may yet be propounded; I'll tell you one thing Edison is on. So do not be the least astounded. It is that one query, old but true. That has filed many with despair. And I don't mind telling you it's "What is the whiteness of the hair?" H. SMITH.

ETIQUETTE OF OLD.

In looking through an old book the other day, I found this, under the "Golden Rules of Etiquette," by "Gentlemen should stand at dinners until the ladies are seated. Then they should seat themselves, being careful that THEIR CHAIRS DO NOT STAND ON THE DRESSES OF THE LADIES."

Well chance of such a mishap these days, I'll say! I US 2B.

RESTAURANT SIGNS.

In a restaurant not far from the Navy Yard you can lamp these signs: "We do our work, But not for fun. We want our pay."

"Gentlemen should stand at dinners until the ladies are seated. Then they should seat themselves, being careful that THEIR CHAIRS DO NOT STAND ON THE DRESSES OF THE LADIES."

"Eat here and teach your dollars to have more cents." SPARKS. The poem might have read: We serve no grub Just for fun. After chewing the ham, We want the mon.

THE ULTIMATE CONSUMER.

A good many contributions to the G. O. C. intended for public consumption pass to the G. O. C. which is the ultimate consumer. FRED VETTER.

Nellie—Why are two dogs that race after a cat like my daddy's trousers? Billie—Because they are a pair of pants.

AND IT CAME ALL RIGHT.

This letter is devoted to something that comes the first of each month—something found on most libraries—something that is a Washingtonian. Inside the envelope addressed above was this: "Dear Bill: Just to see if it will reach you. Let me know if it does." H. M. S. One of the charter members of the G. O. C. (The stamp cannot be reproduced, this being a violation of postal laws).